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whether he is a skillful artisan or a thrifty, industrious farmer—up early and late, able to do his own work, and not ashamed of it either; whether his "hobby" is to complain of "hard times," instead of struggling to brighten them; whether he knows how to manage a fire, or if he has one; whether he works six days in his profession, and on Sunday rests, and goes to church to praise God.

If they would take the trouble to find out these things, they would never have cause to regret their marriage—they would always love and respect their husbands, and, moreover, never lack a well-provided home.

But they don't take the trouble! They go on, as they will probably continue to do while the earth revolves upon its axis—estimating a young man's worth by the nicety of the tailor's fit, the length and silkiness of his mustache, and his ability to talk opera and soft nonsense.

One fact, if generally known, is too often forgotten, and that is that love and confidence are the foundation stones of perfect domestic bliss; that without these all is chaos and doubt and despair, happiness is a myth lingering only in the heart's Utopia.

There is a trite aphorism about love flying out the window when poverty comes in at the door. There is no truth in this where the affection existing is genuine; and, indeed, there is never need for more fortune than that which insures comfort.

Those persons who marry with moderate means are generally the ones who taste the onanistic ether of life. No matter which one brings the "lucre" to the domestic treasury, so that the hearts are in the right place. And certain it is that such domestic bliss is founded upon a rock. Happiness is another name for love; for where love is there is happiness also; and with these there is contentment too, for true love inspires for bearing and gentleness; and these domestic qualities ever and always flow a home with eternal sunshine, bright and visible, and blessed as the smile of God!

A young woman leaving the tender arms of the parents who have hitherto cherished and guided her footsteps, to go safe and honorable protection in the very bosom of love and honor, should lay aside, at once and forever, the hauteur, and passion, and self-consideration, that often stamps her character in girlhood, and ever after have the merit of her husband in view with unalterable reverence and delight.

She should reflect that marriage to a true man has a eucharistic meaning. She should remember that marriage imposes upon her the sum of obligation to him. Does he not confer upon her independence, distinction, and, dearer than all, felicity? She should even moderate her private expenditures, and proportion her general expenditures, not only to the standard of his fortune, but his wishes. In her sphere of action as a wife, there are sacred duties she should never forget. There is a sanctity in the condition of widowhood; there is a dignity in the character; there is a solemnity in the vows that should ever be lovingly remembered.

Society holds a wife amenable for her example, for the honor and happiness of her husband; and God holds her amenable for the rich talents entrusted to her care and improvement, for no woman can be true to any man while false to herself.

No matter what the maze of pleasure may be, no matter what the whirl of passion, no true wife should for a day be oblivious to the fact there is a record which will sooner or later appear in terrible evidence against her, for her loss of omission. If wives, as a class or individually, would study these precepts, there would be fewer after-tragicals, because of meeting affluence, getting divorced and remarrying. And yet there is a great deal of heroism in this world! There are men who go home to reckless and careless wives, and still-kept houses, who never utter one word of complaint there, never one word of reproach, yet to the world; and there are women who screen the faults of their husbands, even from their own children, and bear the burden of neglect with saint-like fortitude! They love on, and hope on, to the end. Who among us doubts that when God sets his seal on their foreheads, we shall know what heroism their silent lives contained!

Age has much to do with the loss or success of happiness. I have always contended this point. I do so still. I think a man ought to be fully ten years older than his wife. There are many reasons, and sound reasons, in justification of this practice. The most forcible one under consideration is that the sexes in America do not bear their ages equally.

Say a man of twenty-three marries a lady of the same age. When he is forty-five he is in the prime of life; when she is forty-five she is generally faded, cross and jealous—especially from the inference that might be deduced from her suggestive respective appearances. Of course there are limits to such a rule, and they should be drawn. For instance, a very old man perhaps had better not marry at all; but if he is determined to enlighten the lives of his relations, I think the most sensible alliance he could adopt is the venerable custom of wedding his housekeeper; the only drawback being that of the association which he enters into with the housekeeper's relations and connections, if he be an "aristocratic gentleman."

But, of all others, the subject of men is the most difficult to lay down a law upon—as a matrimonial consideration. It may be taken for granted, though I do not positively assert it, that girls are not in the least grateful to be married without it; for the very reason that it is human nature—masculine, as well as feminine nature—to believe that we are chosen and accepted for our intrinsic merits.

Now, a portionless girl is pretty sure to believe that her attractions in other respects quite account for the circumstance of a husband not wanting a dower with her.

But still, to put the argument on a low ground, it is unquestionably not the best policy to get married simply for a fortune. The cases where men have paid off their debts by this process do not look well when closely investigated; for, after the debts are paid off, there is still the wife to live with, who will never forget the lion which she has conferred.

A suitable woman, with money, has an additional charm, especially if she belongs to a class who do not regard it as the one great aim, object and result of life.

A good man and worthy husband will know how to treat, and will treat a good and worthy wife with love and respect. Her image is reflected in him. No matter how great a man may be, no matter how austere and strong-minded he may be, so that he loves her. It is then, when inspired with divine passion and divine tenderness for her, that he feels her influence every day. A power within him, which otherwise might have slumbered unknown or forgotten, is exerted by her loving words, and her womanly dependence upon him for strength.

In the language of Bulwer: "Her image glistens in his soul, lures him on to those inspiring toils by which man masters men."

the breath of the blossoms should come. The rooms should be orderly, neat and sweet—with a sort of "dried lavender," thymy, country smell about them, that would take the man's heart in fancy out in fresh green fields and broad meadows, with sky-larks and blue skies, and brown buttercups and grasshoppers, and breezy red and white clover, and humming bees—with the woman he loves by his side.

In the economic management of a home nothing should be left to the servants. A wife's touch, a wife's love, should be seen and felt in everything. Her table should be exquisitely clean, with only a little silver on it, and that pure—only a little glass and that cut; and the china should be pure, white and fine; the napkins and linen snowy, the food deliciously palatable and always deliciously served. A wife's attention to the minor details of her household can readily effect all this. Her negligence, be it ever so slight, is observable.

Only the service of capable servants should be accepted. Housekeeping, as I am to-day, I had rather be my own domestic than have an untidy or careless mental about my premises. Nothing should escape a matron's eye, and yet her government should be unobtrusive for grates de couleur.

Nor should any woman marry until she is capable of governing a household; in brief, of making her presence of love, and system, and ability, felt through a gentle and irresistible influence.

No man will think less of his wife because she is interested in the management of home affairs.

When a man of sense marries he wants a wife—not merely the social devotee, the beautiful artist, who plays and sings and dances and promiscuities! He wants a companion—one who can comfort and console him in his gloomy hours; one with whom he can counsel; one who has reason, appreciation, reflection, judgment, and feeling! One who knows how to share his sorrows; one whose heart is always glad when he is happy; one who, by her pure influence, can purify his heart, also, and develop all that is good in his nature; one who can strengthen his principles, who is capable of self-denial; who can educate his children and govern his household; one who is the mistress of his intellect, as well as his passions, the firmness of his happiness as well as his honor, the mother who serves as well as the wife who loves him!

A woman who devotes herself to domestic and frivolous can have no secure grasp upon the affection of her husband. She may be the belle of the ball, the queen of the drawing-room, the object of admiration at the opera, but she is not fit for a help-mate to a man who is sensible and refined, and domestic in his tastes, and pure in his principles and in his heart.

It should be the joy and the delight of every true wife to do all things for her husband! She should endeavor to be elegant, chaste, charming, refined, delicate, tender, passionate and loving—and all for him! She should never forget when he is at home, ministering to his every want—her hand should naturally lie in his as a bird nestles in her own nest, the safest; she should be all and everything to him. That man does not live, who was able to resist the loving, refined, and gentle influence of a pure, peaceful, intelligent and affectionate woman.

The most beautiful picture that has ever been made of a true woman was the description that Sir John Melmoth gave of his own wife. "She was a woman who by her tender management of my weaknesses gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. Though of the most generous nature, she taught me economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life she relieved me of the cares of my affairs, and preserved order in them. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to useful and creditable exertions, and was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and imprudence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my character. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I lost when a knowledge of her worth had refined my ardent love to a sincere friendship."

Ah! can any woman have lived in vain whose husband pronounced such a panegyric over her death?

Let every woman, every wife remember this!

The sunlight that follows a shipwreck is useless, beautiful, though it shines upon the remains of the broken bark; what is saved is so much more precious than that which has been lost. The domestic circle is too small to allow of rupture; it is always too precious to make excusable neglect to prevent or to effect disturbance. There are enough to mistake by hints and reports to domestic unhappiness; and, unfortunately, the best under such circumstances are much prone to mistake, and thus misrepresent motives; and trifles, with no direct object, are magnified into mountains of unintentional offense. Let us guard against it! Delicate relations are like the polish of costly cutlery; dampness corrodes, and the rust, though removed, leaves a stain."

HALD Mountain has submitted to the prayer test of preachers and converts, and has ceased to rumble.

## FROM CASEY COUNTY.

MINNERSBURG, Ky., March 20, 1874.

Correspondence Interior Journal:

Our farmers are unusually busy breaking an even land, being very lax in account of the time consumed in repairing damages done by the late frosts.

Rev. J. M. Hillier has closed an interesting meeting of a few days, on Carpenter's Creek, with three additions by Baptism.

Mr. F. W. Itay has moved his family to the "Southern Mill Seat," and is busy getting out lumber for the purpose of erecting a mill.

Joseph Coffey, who, in partnership with H. H. McAninch, has a contract to furnish King's Mountain Tunnel contractors with coal, informed us the other day that it was difficult to supply the demand on account of the scarcity of fat cattle.

In order to show the value of real estate here, we will mention the fact that John O. Stain bought one-eighth of an acre of land, partly composed of the land of the river, for which he paid \$750 per acre, and was under the necessity of putting his dwelling house and shop upon it to keep them out of the water.

A party of five in a spring-wagon, two males and three females, supposed to be from Lincoln, made themselves conspicuous last Sunday by dashing through toll-gates without paying toll and very nearly driving over several persons. Their return one of the gaudiest was that when the mournful confession was made that they were out of funds, now owing to intimate acquaintances, we are always glad to see the people of Lincoln, but we do object to a certain class making themselves too ostentatious without they have enough of the "lin" to make them selves important to other eyes except their own; especially, as it is quite probable that one of the party had only been "humped" on blue-grass long enough to make him forget that he originated on the chestnut ridge of Casey.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Burning dead bodies is called "cremation." Precisely why such a name is given we do not know, unless it was less significant of what was intended to be meant than any other word in our dictionary of the English language.

Home and School, an educational monthly published in Louisville, comes to us with its April number full of interesting reading matter. This publication improves every month, and should be found upon the table of every family in the South and West.

There is in the city of Louisville, a large and handsome school building, three stories high, and about sixty-five by forty feet, of splendid architecture, designed by the celebrated people of that city for the purpose of educating their children. The building is an ornament to the city.

The other day we read of the narrow escape from instant death of a little child, aged about two years. It had wandered into a cut on a railroad and sat down. In a few minutes the train came along and by the heroic conduct of a brakeman, the engine being reversed, the little one was saved. We mention this matter in order to suggest to parents and others who live near railways, the necessity for caution, and to warn them not to permit their children to play in such places. Here in our town, many children, black especially, play upon the track every day, and we wonder that some of them have not been killed long ago.

The hotel keepers at Niagara Falls have concluded to put a stop this Summer to swindling strangers who visit them. We think this is well enough. A more infamous gang of thieves never cursed a country than those at this celebrated place. This is especially true of the Canadians who keep a low tavern at Stairway on the Canada side. Hack drivers, express wagons, errand boys, etc., make it their business to extort money from strangers. We wonder that people have "tuned" submit to it so long. A few striking examples would remedy the wrong, and the good citizens of Niagara owe it to themselves and to the visitors to put a stop to it.

Another lunatic fell from a trapeze bar recently and broke his neck. We have no tears of sympathy for men or boys who will, for filthy lucre or glory, engage in this hazardous accomplishment. Rope or wire walking, trapeze exercises, etc., are a class of exhibitions which none but the fool-hardy will attempt. There is not a prominent performer in the business who has not been very seriously injured at some time, and it is only a question of time for their sudden and awful death if they persist in this profession. It is a morbid taste in people who through such acts of amusement, and we believe that many people really enjoy such a catastrophe as befell the poor creature who was killed the other day.

## Origin of Death.

A very curious tradition is said to exist among the natives of Ahy-lah-yah with regard to the origin of burial. They say that when Adam found the body of the murdered Able he carried it about upon his shoulders for twenty days not knowing how to dispose of it. The Almighty took pity on him, and sent forth a crow with its dead young one on its back and the crow flew before Adam until it came to a tract of sandy ground, in which it dug a hole with its feet and there buried the young one. And when Adam saw this he dug a grave in the sand and buried his lost boy in it.

You shut your mouth, huh? Is the favorite method of calling a gentleman to order in the South Carolina Legislature.

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